

THE  
SACRED MINSTREL;  
A SELECTION OF SONGS AND HYMNS  
FOR  
SABBATH SCHOOLS.

BY ASA FITZ,  
AUTHOR OF THE "AMERICAN SCHOOL SONG BOOK," "COMMON SCHOOL SONG BOOK,"  
"COLUMBIAN SONG BOOK," "FARLOW HARP," &c.

BOSTON:  
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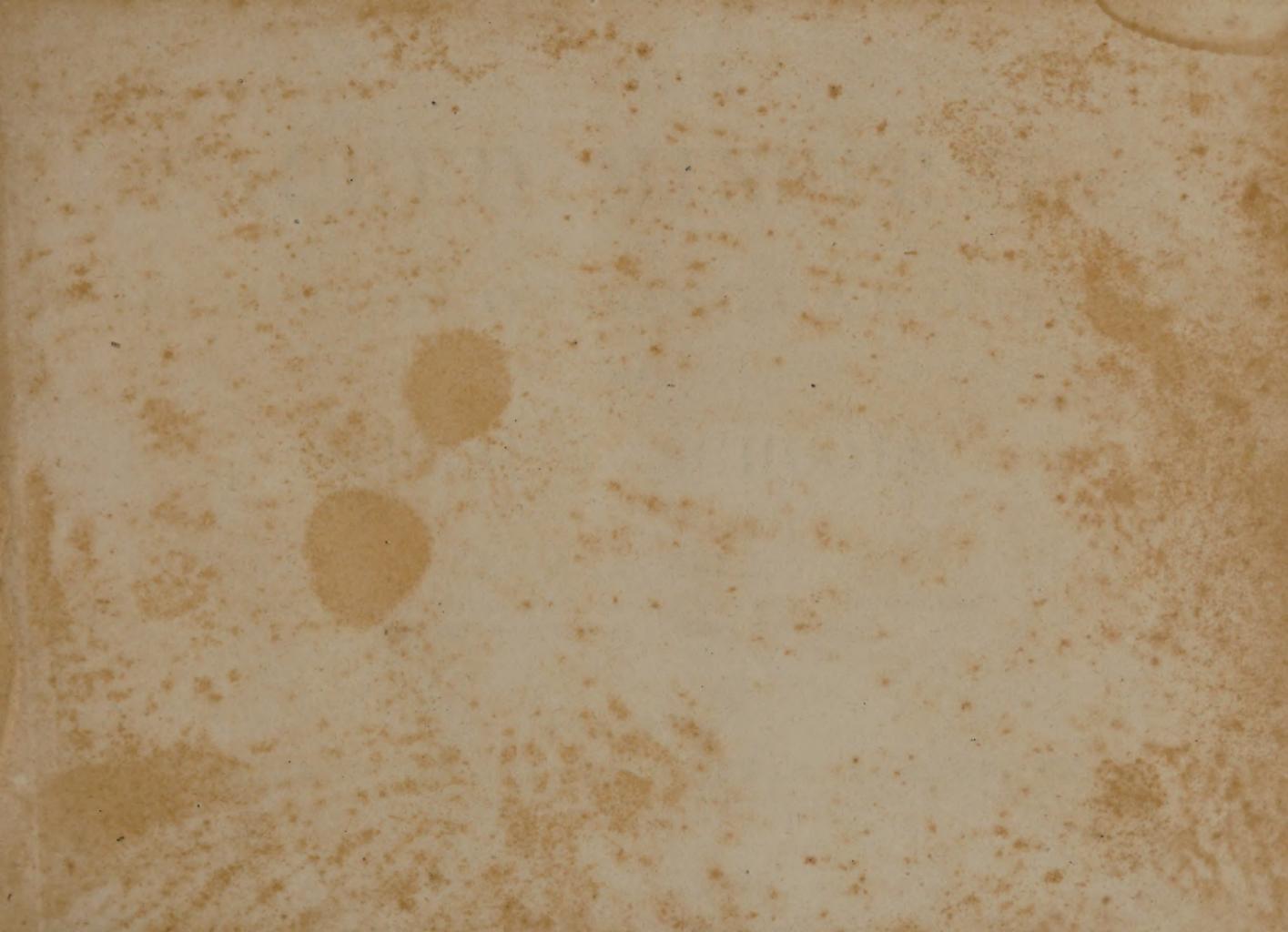
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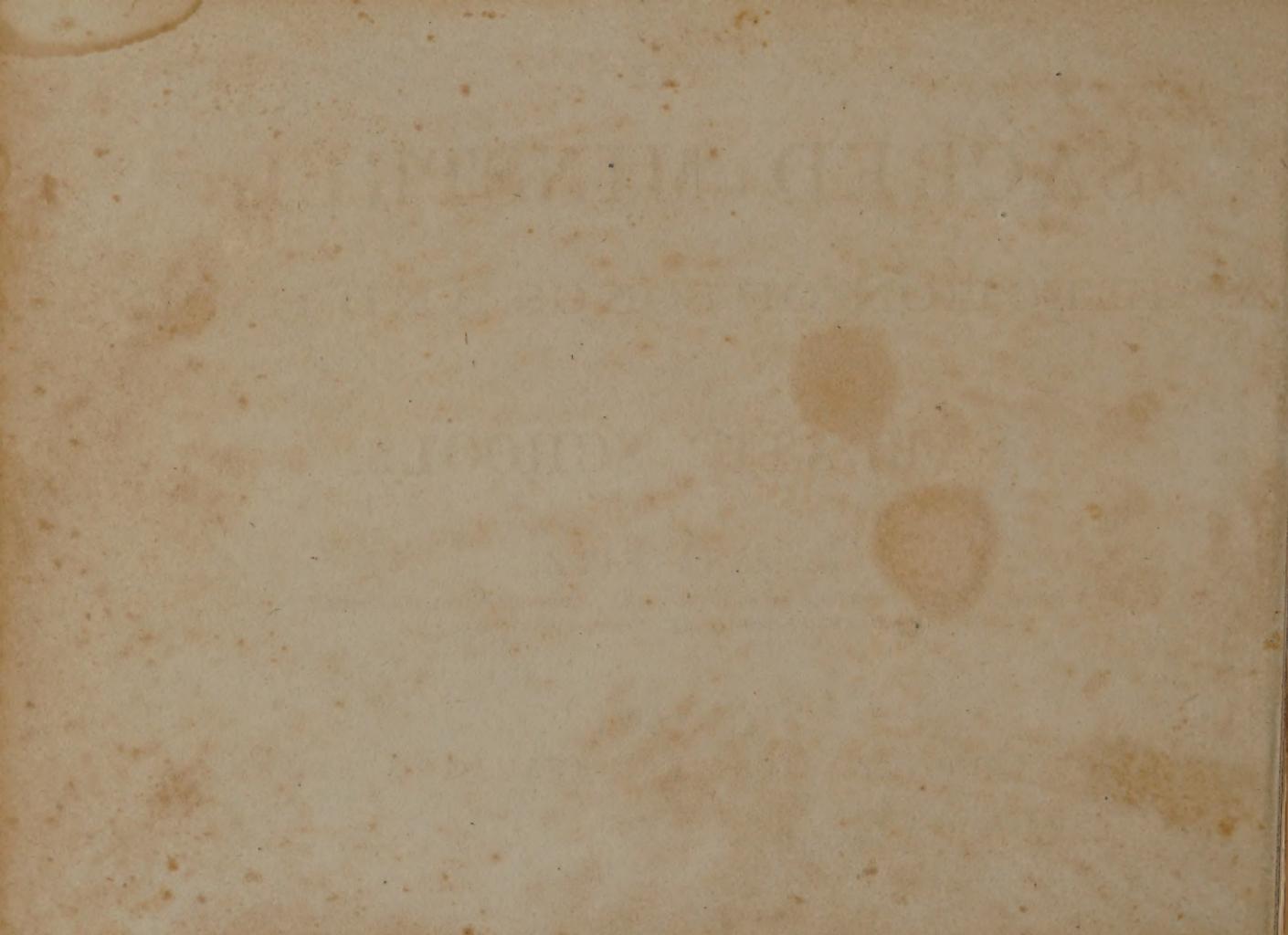
OF

J. D. HARTZLER

*Book No.*.....

*Dept.*.....





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FOR

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BY ASA FITZ,

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## P R E F A C E.

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IN the compilation of this work the author has endeavored to select those hymns and tunes best adapted to the wants of our Sabbath schools. In the selection of the hymns great care has been taken to avoid all that might be considered strictly denominational; as the book was prepared with reference to the devotional exercises in the Public schools as well as Sabbath schools. The union of the two objects will greatly aid in qualifying the children to sing in the Sabbath school. The tunes are mostly easy and beautiful melodies, which have been exceedingly popular, and will continue to be so for a long time to come. For devotional purposes, old and familiar melodies are much better adapted to the condition of our schools than new music. With this book, Sabbath schools will find it very easy to have good music.

A U T H O R.

BOSTON, October, 1855.

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# АЛКОХОЛ

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# DEVOTIONAL SONGS AND HYMNS.

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## SWIFT MY CHILDHOOD'S DREAMS ARE PASSING.

## BOUNDING BILLOWS.

The musical score consists of two staves. The top staff is in G major (two sharps) and 2/4 time. The bottom staff is in C major (one sharp) and 2/4 time. The vocal line for 'Bounding Billows' is on the bottom staff. The score concludes with a 'Fine.' and a 'D. C.' (Da Capo) instruction.

Swift my childhood's dreams are passing ; Like the startled doves they fly,      Or bright clouds each other chasing,

Or bright clouds each other chasing      O-ver yonder qui - et sky.

Soon I'll hear earth's flattering story ;  
Soon its visions will be mine,  
Shall I covet wealth and glory ?  
Shall I bow at Pleasure's shrine ?

No, my God ; one prayer I raise thee  
From my young and happy heart ;  
Never let me cease to praise thee,  
Never from thy fear depart.

Then, when years have gathered o'er me,  
And the world is sunk in shade ;  
Heaven's bright realms will rise before me ;  
There my treasure will be laid.

Largo.

Thou art gone to the grave; but we will not deplore thee: Tho' sorrows and darkness en - com-pass the tomb,  
 The Sa - vior has passed thro' its por - tals be - - fore thee, And the lamp of his love is thy  
 guide thro' the gloom, And the lamp of his love is thy guide thro' the gloom.

Thou art gone to the grave ; we no longer deplore thee,  
 Nor tread the rough path of the world by thy side ;  
 But the wide arms of mercy are spread to enfold thee,  
 And sinners may hope, since the Savior hath died,  
 And sinners may hope, since the Savior hath died.

Thou art gone to the grave, and its mansions forsaking,  
 Perhaps thy tried spirit in doubt lingered long ;  
 But the sunshine of heaven beamed bright on thy waking,  
 And the song that thou heard'st was the seraphim's song,  
 And the song that thou heardst, &c.

Thou art gone to the grave ; but 'twere wrong to deplore thee,  
 When God was thy ransom, thy Guardian and Guide :  
 He gave thee, and took thee, and soon will restore thee,  
 Where death hath no sting, since the Savior hath died,  
 Where death hath no sting, &c.

## LORD, WHEN THOU DIDST ASCEND. L. M.

DUKE STREET.

Allegretto.

Lord, when thou didst as - - cend on high, Ten thousand an - gels filled the sky; Those heavenly

guards a - round thee wait, Like chariots that at - tend thy state.

Raised by his Father to the throne,  
 He sent his promised Spirit down,  
 With gifts and grace for rebel men,  
 That God might dwell on earth again.

**Recitando.**

Worship acceptable from every Place.  
 O Thou, to whom, in ancient time,  
 The lyre of Hebrew bards was strung,  
 Whom kings adored in songs sublime,  
 And prophets praised with glowing tongue!

Not now on Zion's height alone  
 Thy favored worshippers may dwell,  
 Nor where, at sultry noon, thy Son  
 Sat weary by the patriarch's well.

From every place below the skies,  
 The grateful song, the fervent prayer,  
 The incense of the heart may rise  
 To heaven, and find acceptance there.

**For the Close of School.**  
 Father, once more let grateful praise  
 And humble prayer to thee ascend ;  
 Thou Guide and Guardian of our ways,  
 Our early and our only Friend.

Since every day and hour that's gone  
 Has been with mercy richly crowned,  
 Mercy, we know, shall still flow on,  
 Forever sure, as time rolls round.

Hear, then, the parting prayers we pour,  
 And bind our hearts in love alone :  
 And if we meet on earth no more,  
 May we, at last, surround thy throne.

## HOW HAPPY IS THE CHILD. C. M.

BALERMA.

11

How hap - py is the child who hears In - struc - tion's warn - ing voice, And who ce - les - tial

wis-dom makes His ear - - ly, on - - ly choice !

For she has treasures greater far  
Than east or west unfold,  
And her rewards more precious are  
Than all their stores of gold.  
She guides the young, with innocence,  
In pleasure's path to tread ;  
A crown of glory she bestows  
Upon the aged head.  
According as her labors rise,  
So her rewards increase ;  
Her ways are ways of pleasantness,  
And all her paths are peace.

## Our Destiny.

Sweet day, so cool, so calm, so bright,  
Bridal of earth and sky !

The dew shall weep thy fall to-night,  
For thou, alas ! must die.

Sweet rose, in air whose odors wave,  
And color charms the eye !

Thy root is even in its grave,  
And thou, alas ! must die.

Sweet spring, of days and roses made,  
Whose charms forever vie !  
Thy days depart, thy roses fade ;  
Thou too, alas ! must die.

Be wise, then, mortal, while you may, .  
For swiftly time has fled ;  
The thoughtless ones, who laugh to-day,  
To-morrow may be dead.

## THERE IS A HAPPY LAND.

HINDOSTAN AIR.



1. There is a hap - py land, Far, far a - - way, Where saints in glo - ry stand, Bright, bright as day.



O, how they sweet-ly sing, Wor-thy our Savior King; Loud let his praises ring; Praise, praise for aye.



2.

Come to that happy land ;  
Come, come away :  
Why will ye doubting stand ?  
Why still delay ?  
O, we shall happy be,  
When from sin and sorrow free ;  
Lord, we shall live with thee,  
Blest, blest for aye.

3.

Bright, in that happy land,  
Beams every eye ;  
Kept by a Father's hand,  
Love cannot die.  
O, then, to glory run ;  
Be a crown and kingdom won ;  
And bright, above the sun,  
We'll reign for aye.

## The Scholars' Pledge.

Never the *Drunkard's* drink  
Our lips shall stain ;  
Ne'er shall the *Swearer's* words  
Our tongues profane ;  
Ever our breath shall be  
From *Tobacco's* poison free ;  
Quarrels we'll shun, you see ;  
Peace here shall reign.

WHEN MARSHALLED ON THE NIGHTLY PLAIN. L. M. BONNIE DOON. 13

S.

1st time.

2d time.

End.

1. { When, marshalled on the night-ly plain, A glit-tering host be - stud the sky; One  
star a - lone, of all the train, Can fix the sin - ner's . . . . . wandering eye.  
one a - lone the Sa - vior speaks; It is the star of Beth - le - hem.

D. C. S.

Hark ! hark ! to God the chorus breaks From every host, from eve-ry gem, But

2. Once on the raging seas I rode ;  
The storm was loud, the night was dark,  
The ocean yawned, and rudely blowed  
The wind that tossed my foundering bark.

3. Deep horror then my vitals froze ;  
Death-struck, I ceased the tide to stem ;  
When, suddenly, a star arose ;  
It was the star of Bethlehem.

Children's Prayer.

1. O Lord, behold before thy throne  
A band of children lowly bend;  
Thy face we seek, thy name we own,  
And pray that thou wilt be our Friend.

3. Thy Holy Spirit's aid impart,  
That he may teach us how to pray ;  
Make us sincere, and make each heart  
Delight to tread in Wisdom's way.

2. Thou didst on earth the young receive ;  
And gently fold them to thy breast,  
And say that such in heaven should live,  
Forever safe, forever blest.

4. O, let thy grace our souls renew,  
And seal a sense of pardon there ;  
Teach us thy will to know and do,  
And let us all thine image bear.

## A POOR, WAYFARING MAN.

REV. GEO. COLES.

A poor, way-far-ing man of grief Hath oft-en crossed me on my way, Who sued so humbly

for re-lief, That I could nev-er answer nay: I had not power to ask his name, Whith-

er he went, or whence he came; Yet there was something in his eye That won my love, I knew not why.

## THE SACRED MINSTREL.

15

2. Once, when my scanty meal was spread,  
He entered—not a word he spake;  
Just perishing for want of bread,  
I gave him all—he blessed it, brake,  
And ate, but gave me part again.  
Mine was an angel's portion then—  
And while I fed with eager haste,  
The crust was manna to my taste.
3. I spied him where a fountain burst  
Clear from the rock—his strength was gone,  
The heedless water mocked his thirst,  
He heard it, saw it hurrying on.  
I ran, and raised the sufferer up;  
Thrice from the stream he drained my cup,  
Dipped, and returned it running o'er—  
I drank, and never thirsted more.
4. 'Twas night. The floods were out; it blew  
A wintry hurricane aloof.  
I heard his voice abroad, and flew  
To bid him welcome to my roof.  
I warmed, I clothed, I cheered my guest,  
Laid him on mine own couch to rest,  
Then made the earth my bed, and seemed  
In Eden's garden while I dreamed.
5. Stripped, wounded, beaten nigh to death,  
I found him by the highway side;  
I roused his pulse, brought back his breath,  
Revived his spirit, and supplied  
Wine, oil, refreshment; he was healed.  
I had myself a wound concealed,  
But from that hour forgot the smart,  
And peace bound up my broken heart.
6. In prison I saw him next, condemned  
To meet a traitor's doom at morn;  
The tide of lying tongues I stemmed,  
And honored him 'mid shame and scorn.  
My friendship's utmost zeal to try,  
He asked if I for him would die.  
The flesh was weak, my blood ran chill,  
But the free spirit cried, "I will."
7. Then, in a moment, to my view  
The stranger started from disguise;  
The tokens in his hands I knew—  
My SAVIOR stood before my eyes.  
He spake, and my poor name he named—  
"Of me thou hast not been ashamed;  
These deeds shall thy memorial be;  
Fear not, thou didst it unto me."

---

### Song of Adoration.

1. Let one loud song of praise arise  
To God, whose goodness ceaseless flows,  
Who dwells enthroned above the skies,  
And life and health on all bestows.  
Let all of good this bosom fires,  
To him, sole good, give praises due;  
Let all the truth himself inspires  
Unite to sing him only true.
2. In ardent adoration joined,  
Obedient to thy holy will,  
Let all our faculties, combined,  
Thy just commands, O God, fulfil.  
O, may the solemn breathing sound  
Like incense rise before thy throne,  
Where thou, whose glory knows no bound,  
Great Cause of all things, dwell'st alone!

1. Praise to God, — im-mor-tal praise, For the love that crowns our days: Bounteous Source of every joy,  
 Let thy praise our tongues em - - - ploy.

2. All that spring, with bounteous hand,  
 Scatters o'er the smiling land ;  
 All that liberal autumn pours  
 From her rich, o'erflowing stores, —

3. These, to that dear source we owe,  
 Whence our sweetest comforts flow ;  
 These, through all my happy days,  
 Claim my cheerful songs of praise.

4. Lord, to thee my soul should raise  
 Grateful, never-ending praise,  
 And when every blessing's flown,  
 Love thee for THYSELF alone.

## God a Refuge.

1.  
 Father, Refuge of my soul,  
 Let me to thy bosom fly,  
 While the nearer waters roll,  
 While the tempest still is high :

2.  
 Hide me, O my Father, hide,  
 Till the storm of life is past ;  
 Safe into the haven guide ;  
 O, receive my soul at last.

3.  
 Other refuge have I none :  
 Helpless hangs my soul on thee ;  
 Leave, O, leave me not alone ;  
 Still support and comfort me.

4.  
 All my trust on thee is stayed,  
 All my help from thee I bring ;  
 Cover my defenceless head  
 With the shadow of thy wing.

1. All hail the power of Jesus' name ! Let angels prostrate fall ; Bring forth the royal di-a-dem, And crown him Lord of all,  
 2. Ye chosen seed of Israel's race, A remnant weak and small, Hail him, who saved you by his grace, And crown him Lord of all,

Bring forth the roy-al di - a - dem, And crown him Lord of all.  
 Hail him who saved you by his grace, And crown him Lord of all.

3.  
 Let every kindred, every tribe,  
 On this terrestrial ball,  
 To him all majesty ascribe,  
 And crown him Lord of all.

4.  
 O that, with yonder sacred throng,  
 We at his feet may fall ;  
 We'll join the everlasting song,  
 And crown him Lord of all.

The Lord's Prayer.

1. O Thou, enthroned in worlds above,  
 Our Father and our Friend,  
 Lo, at the footstool of thy love  
 Thy children humbly bend.
2. All reverence to thy name be given,  
 Thy kingdom wide displayed ;  
 And, as thy will is done in heaven,  
 Be it on earth obeyed.
3. Our table may thy bounty spread  
 From thine exhaustless store,

From day to day, with daily bread ;  
 Nor would we ask for more.

4. That pardon we to others give,  
 Do thou to us extend ;  
 From all temptation, O, relieve,  
 From every ill defend.
5. And now to thee belong, Most High,  
 The kingdom, glory, power,  
 Through the broad earth and spacious sky,  
 Till time shall be no more.

## THE PLEASURES OF EARTH.

## SWEET HOME.

1. The pleasures of earth I have seen fade a - way; They bloom for a season, but soon they de -

----- cay. But pleas-ures more last-ing in Je - sus are given, Sal - va - tion on earth, and a mansion in

heaven. Home, home, sweet, sweet home, The saints in those mansions for - ev - er at home.

2. Allure me no longer, ye false glowing charms ;  
 The Savior invites me ; I'll go to his arms ;  
 At the banquet of mercy I hear there is room ;  
 O, there may I feast with his children at home.  
 Home, home, sweet, sweet home ;  
 O Jesus, conduct me to heaven, my home.

3. Farewell, vain amusements ; my follies, adieu ;  
 While Jesus, and heaven, and glory I view,  
 I feast on the pleasures that flow from his throne,  
 The foretaste of heaven, sweet heaven, my home.  
 Home, home, sweet, sweet home ;  
 O, when shall I share the fruition of home ?

4. The days of my exile are passing away ;  
 The time is approaching when Jesus will say,  
 " Well done, faithful servant ; sit down on my throne,  
 And dwell in my presence, forever at home."  
 Home, home, sweet, sweet home ;  
 O, there I shall rest with the Savior at home.

5. Affliction, and sorrow, and death shall be o'er ;  
 The saints shall unite, to be parted no more ;  
 There, loud hallelujahs fill heaven's high dome ;  
 They dwell with the Savior forever at home.  
 Home, home, sweet, sweet home ;  
 They dwell with the Savior forever at home.

---

I would not live alway.

1. I would not live alway ; I ask not to stay  
 Where storm after storm rises o'er the dark way ;  
 The few lurid mornings that dawn on us here  
 Are enough for life's woes, full enough for its cheer.  
 Home, home, sweet, sweet home ;  
 O, there I shall rest with my Savior at home.

2. I would not live alway ; no, welcome the tomb ;  
 Since Jesus has lain there, I dread not its gloom ;  
 There, sweet be my rest till he bid me arise,  
 To hail him in triumph descending the skies.  
 Home, home, &c.

3. Who, who would live alway away from his God,  
 Away from yon heaven, that blissful abode,  
 Where the rivers of pleasure flow o'er the bright plains,  
 And the noon tide of glory eternally reigns ?

Home, home, sweet, sweet home ;  
 O, there I shall rest with my Savior at home.

4. Where the saints of all ages in harmony meet,  
 Their Savior and brethren transported to greet,  
 Where the anthems of rapture unceasingly roll,  
 And the smile of the Lord is the feast of the soul.  
 Home, home, &c.

## LET US LOVE ONE ANOTHER.

ARABY'S DAUGHTER.

Fine.

1. { Let us love one an - oth - er — not long may we stay / In this bleak world of mourning, so brief is life's day; / Some fade ere 'tis noon, and few lin - ger till eve; / O, there breaks not a heart but leaves some one to grieve; / Then O, though the hopes that we nourished de - cay, Let us love one an - oth - er as long as we stay.

D. C.

{ And the fondest, the purest, the tru-est that met, Have still found the need to for - give and for - get; / Then O, though the hopes that we nourished de - cay, Let us love one an - oth - er as long as we stay.

2.

There are hearts like the ivy, though all be decayed  
 Which it seemed to clasp fondly in sunlight and shade,  
 Yet drop not its leaves, but still gayly they spread,  
 Undimmed 'midst the blighted, the lonely, and dead;  
 And the mistletoe clings to the oak, not in part,  
 But with leaves closely round it, the root in its heart —  
 Exists but to twine it, and drink the same dew,  
 Or to fall with its loved oak, and perish there too.  
 Exists but to twine it, &c.

3.

Thus we'll love one another 'midst sorrow the worst,  
 Unaltered and fond as we loved at the first.  
 Though the false wing of pleasure may change and forsake,  
 And the bright urn of wealth into particles break,  
 There are some sweet affections that earth cannot buy,  
 That cling but the closer when sorrow draws nigh,  
 And remain with us yet, though all else pass away —  
 Yes, we'll love one another as long as we stay.  
 And remain with us, &c.

1. The hours of even - ing close; Its lengthened shad - - ows, drawn O'er scenes of earth, in - -  
 2. So , let its calm pre - - vail O'er forms of out - - ward care; Nor thought for "ma - - any

vite re - pose, And wait the morn - ing dawn.  
 things" as - sail The still re - treat of prayer.

3. Our guardian Shepherd near,  
 His watchful eye will keep;  
 And, safe from violence and fear,  
 Will fold his flock to sleep.

4. So may a holier light  
 Than earth's our spirits rouse,  
 And call us, strengthened by his might,  
 To pay the Lord our vows.

## Divine Guidance.

1. From earliest dawn of life,  
 Thy goodness we have shared;  
 And still we live to sing thy praise,  
 By sovereign mercy spared.
2. To learn and do thy will,  
 O Lord, our hearts incline ;  
 And o'er the paths of future life  
 Command thy light to shine.
3. While taught thy word of truth,  
 May we that word receive :  
 And, when we hear of Jesus' name,  
 In that blest name believe.
4. O, let us never tread  
 The broad, destructive road,  
 But trace those holy paths which lead  
 To glory and to God.

## THE MORNING LIGHT IS BREAKING.

1. The morning light is breaking, The darkness dis-ap-pears, The sons of earth are waking To pen - i-tential tears; Each breeze that sweeps the  
 2. Rich dews of grace come o'er us In many a gentle shower, And brighter scenes before us Are opening every hour; Each cry, to Heaven

o-cean Brings tidings from a - - far Of nations, in commotion, Prepared for Zion's war.  
 go - ing, A-bun-dant answers brings, And heavenly gales are blowing, With peace upon their wings.

3.

See heathen nations bending  
 Before the God we love,  
 And thousand hearts ascending  
 In gratitude above;  
 While sinners, now confessing,  
 The gospel call obey,  
 And seek the Savior's blessing,  
 A nation in a day.

4.

Blest river of salvation,  
 Pursue thy onward way,  
 Flow thou to every nation,  
 Nor in thy richness stay;  
 Stay not till all the lowly  
 Triumphant reach their home  
 Stay not, till all the holy  
 Proclaim, the Lord has come.

## Remember thy Creator.

1.

“Remember thy Creator”  
 While youth's fair spring is bright,  
 Before thy cares are greater,  
 Before come age's night;  
 While yet the sun shines o'er thee,  
 While stars the darkness cheer,  
 While life is all before thee,  
 Thy great Creator fear.

2.

“Remember thy Creator”  
 Ere life resigns its trust,  
 Ere sinks dissolving nature,  
 And dust returns to dust;  
 Before with God, who gave it,  
 The spirit shall appear:  
 He cries, who died to save it,  
 “Thy great Creator fear.”

Dolce.

1. Shed not a tear o'er your friend's early bier, When I am gone, When I am gone; Smile, if the slow-tolling  
 2. Plant ye a tree which may wave o'er me, When I am gone, When I am gone, Sing me a song, if my

bell you should hear, When I am gone, I am gone  
 grave you should see, When I am gone, I am gone.

Weep not for me when you stand round my grave,  
 Come at the close of a bright summer's day,

Think who has died his be-lov-ed to save; Think of the crown all the ransomed shall have, When I am gone, I am gone.  
 Come when the sun sheds his last lingering ray, Come and rejoice that I thus passed a-way, When I am gone, I am gone.

1. The spacious fir - ma-ment on high, With all the blue, e - the-real sky, And spangled heavens, a shining frame, Their great O -

2. Soon as the evening shades pre-vail, The moon takes up the wondrous tale, And night-ly, to the listening earth, Repeats the

rig - i - nal sto - ry of her pro - claim. Th unweared sun, from day to day, Does his Cre - a-tor's power dis - play, And pub-lish-es to every

birth; While all the stars that round her burn, And all the planets in their turn, Con - firm the tid-ings as they

land, The work of the an al migh - ty hand,

roll, And spread the truth al from pole to pole.

3.

What though in solemn silence all Move round this dark terrestrial ball —

What though nor real voice nor sound Amid their radiant orbs be found —

In reason's ear they all rejoice, And utter forth a glorious voice, Forever singing, as they shine, "The hand that made us is divine."

## COME, THOU ALMIGHTY KING. 6s &amp; 4s.

AMERICA.

25

Maestoso.

2. Come, thou eternal Lord,  
By heaven and earth adored,  
Our prayer attend.  
Come, and thy children bless ;  
Give thy good word's success ;  
Make thine own holiness  
On us descend.

3. Be thou our Comforter ;  
Thy sacred witness bear  
In this glad hour.  
Omnipotent thou art :  
O, rule in every heart,  
And ne'er from us depart,  
Spirit of power.

## Praise to God.

1.  
Praise ye Jehovah's name ;  
Praise through his courts proclaim ;  
Rise and adore ;  
High o'er the heavens above,  
Sound his great acts of love :  
While his rich grace we prove,  
Vast as his power.

2.  
Now let the trumpet raise  
Triumphant sounds of praise,  
Wide as his fame ;  
There let the harps be found,  
Organs with solemn sound,  
Roll your deep notes around,  
Filled with his name.

3.  
While his high praise ye sing,  
Shake every sounding string ;  
Sweet the accord !  
He vital breath bestows —  
Let every breath that flows,  
His noblest fame disclose :  
Praise ye the Lord.

## WHEN I CAN READ MY TITLE CLEAR. C. M.

1. When I can read my title clear To man-sions in the skies, } And wipe my weeping eyes,  
I'll bid fare-well to eve-ry fear, And wipe my weep-ing eyes.

2. Should earth a-gainst my soul en-gage, And fier-y darts be hurl'd, } And face a frowning world,  
Then I can smile at Sa-tan's rage, And face a frown-ing world,

And wipe my weep-ing eyes, I'll bid fare-well to eve-ry fear, And wipe my weep-ing eyes.  
And face a frowning world, Then I can smile at Sa-tan's rage, And face a frowning world.

3. Let cares like a wild deluge come,  
Let storms of sorrow fall,  
So I but safely reach my home,  
My God, my heaven, my all.

4. There I shall bathe my weary soul  
In seas of heavenly rest,  
And not a wave of trouble roll  
Across my peaceful breast.

## Retirement.

1. The calm retreat, the silent shade,  
With prayer and praise agree,  
And seem by thy sweet bounty made  
For those that follow thee.

2. There, if thy spirit touch the soul,  
And grace her mean abode,  
O, with what peace, and joy, and love,  
She communes with her God!

3. There, like the nightingale, she pours  
Her solitary lays,  
Nor asks a witness to her song,  
Nor thirsts for human praise.

4. There, O my soul, look up and view  
Thy Father's smiling face :  
Here, promises he grants to you ;  
In heaven, a resting-place.

The Fount of Blessing.

1.

Far from mortal cares retreating,  
Sordid hopes and vain desires,  
Here our willing footsteps meeting,  
Every heart to heaven aspires.  
From the fount of glory beaming,  
Light celestial cheers our eyes,  
Mercy from above proclaiming  
Peace and pardon from the skies.

2.

Who may share this great salvation?  
Every pure and humble mind,  
Every kindred, tongue, and nation,  
From the stains of guilt refined.  
Blessings all around bestowing,  
God withholds his care from none;  
Grace and mercy ever flowing  
From the fountain of his throne.

1. Ye Christian heroes, go pro - claim  
2. He'll shield you with a wall of fire, Sal - va - tion in Im - man - uel's name;  
With flaming zeal your breasts in - - spire;

To dis - tant climes the tidings bear,  
Bid rag - ing winds their fu - ry cease, And plant the rose of Shar - on there.  
And calm the sav - age breast to peace.

## Jesus shall reign.

1. Jesus shall reign where'er the sun  
Does his successive journeys run,  
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore  
Till moons shall wax and wane no more.
2. People and realms of every tongue  
Dwell on his love with sweetest song,  
And infant voices shall proclaim  
Their early blessings on his name.
3. Blessings abound where'er he reigns ;  
The prisoner leaps to loose his chains,  
The weary find eternal rest,  
And all the sons of want are blest.
4. Let every creature rise and bring  
Peculiar honors to our King ;  
Angels descend with songs again,  
And earth repeat the loud Amen.

## THE LORD MY PASTURE SHALL PREPARE. L. M. 61.

BELLVILLE.

29

1. The Lord my pas-ture shall prepare, And feed me with a shep-herd's care; His  
 2. Though in a bare and rug-ged way, Through de-vious lone - ly wilds I stray, Thy  
 3. Though in the paths of death I tread, With gloom - y hor - rors o - ver - spread, My

pres - - ence shall my wants sup - - ply, And guard me with a watch - - ful eye; My  
 boun - - ty shall my pains be - - guile; The bar - - ren wil - - der - - ness shall smile, With  
 stead - - fast heart shall fear no ill, For thou, O God, art with me still; Thy

noon - - day walks he shall at - - tend, And all my mid - - night hours de - - fend.  
 sud - - den greens and herb - - age crowned, And streams shall mur - - mur all a - - round.  
 friend - - ly crook shall give me aid, And guide me through the dread - - ful shade.

**Andante.**

1. To thy pastures, fair and large, heavenly Shepherd, lead thy charge; And my couch, with tenderest care,  
Midst the springing grass prepare.

2. When I faint with summer's heat,  
Thou shalt guide my weary feet  
To the streams, that, still and slow,  
Through the verdant meadows flow.

3. Safe the dreary vale I tread,  
By the shades of death o'erspread ;

4. With thy rod and staff supplied,  
This my guard, and that my guide.

## Closing Hymn.

1.  
Brothers, sisters, ere we part,  
Every voice and every heart  
Join, and to our Father raise  
One last hymn of grateful praise.

2.  
Though we here should meet no more,  
Yet there is a brighter shore;  
There, released from toil and pain,  
There we all may meet again.

3.  
Now to Him who reigns in heaven  
Be eternal glory given;  
Grateful for thy love divine,  
O, may all our hearts be thine.

## HEAVENLY FATHER.

SICILIAN HYMN.

31

1. Heavenly Fa - - ther, grant thy bless - ing On th'in - struc-tions of this day, That our hearts, thy  
 2. fear pos - sess-ing, May from sin be turned n - way.

3. We have wandered ; O, forgive us ; We have wished from truth to rove ; Turn, O, turn us, and receive us, And incline our hearts to love.

4. We have learned that Christ, the Savior, Lived to teach us what is good ; Died to gain for us thy favor, And redeem us by his blood.

5. For his sake, O God, forgive us ; Guide us to that happy home, Where the Savior will receive us, And where sin can never come.

## God is Love.

1. God is love ; his mercy brightens  
All the path in which we rove ;  
Bliss he wakes, and woe he lightens  
God is wisdom, God is love.
2. Chance and change are busy ever ;  
Man decays, and ages move ;  
But his mercy waneth never :  
God is wisdom, God is love.
3. E'en the hour that darkest seemeth  
Will his changeless goodness prove ;  
From the gloom his brightness streameth :  
God is wisdom, God is love.
4. He with earthly cares entwineth  
Hope and comfort from above .  
Every where his glory shineth :  
God is wisdom, God is love.

1. This book is all that's left me now! Tears will un - bid - den start; With faltering lip and

throb - bing brow I press it to my heart; For ma - - ny gen - e - - ra - tions passed, Here

## THE SACRED MINSTREL.

33

is our family tree; My mother's hands this Bi - ble clasped; She, dy - ing, gave it me.

2.

Ah ! well do I remember those  
Whose names these records bear ;  
Who round the hearth-stone used to close,  
After the evening prayer,  
And speak of what these pages said,  
In tones my heart would thrill !  
Though they are with the silent dead,  
Here are they living still.

3

3.

My father read this holy book  
To brothers, sisters dear —  
How calm was my poor mother's look,  
Who loved God's word to hear !  
Her angel face — I see it yet :  
What thronging memories come !  
Again that little group is met  
Within the walls of home.

4.

Thou truest friend man ever knew,  
Thy constancy I've tried ;  
When all were false, I've found thee true,  
My counsellor and guide.  
The mines of earth no treasure give  
That could this volume buy :  
In teaching me the way to live,  
It taught me how to die.

## MY SOUL, BE ON THY GUARD.

LABAN.

**Allegro Vigoroso.**

1. My soul, be on thy guard; Ten thousand foes a - rise; The hosts of sin are press-ing  
 2. O, watch, and fight, and pray; The bat - tle ne'er give o'er; Re - - new it bold - ly eve - ry

hard To draw thee from the skies.  
 day, And help di - - vine im - - - plore.

3.

Ne'er think the victory won,  
 Nor lay thine armor down:  
 Thy arduous work will not be done  
 Till thou obtain thy crown.

4.

Fight on, my soul, till death  
 Shall bring thee to thy God;  
 He'll take thee, at thy parting breath,  
 Up to his blest abode.

## The Heavenly Shepherd.

1.

The Lord my shepherd is ;  
 I shall be well supplied ;  
 Since he is mine, and I am his,  
 What can I want beside ?

2.

He leads me to the place  
 Where heavenly pasture grows,  
 Where living waters gently pass,  
 And full salvation flows.

3.

If e'er I go astray  
 He doth my soul reclaim,  
 And guides me in his own right way,  
 For his most holy name.

4.

In spite of all my foes,  
 He doth my table spread ;  
 My cup with blessings overflows,  
 And joy exalts my head.

1. Be thou, O God, exalt-ed high; And as thy glo-ry fills the sky, So let it be on earth dis-

2. O God, my heart is fixed; 'tis bent  
Its thankful tribute to present;  
And with my heart my voice I'll raise  
To thee, my God, in songs of praise.

3. Thy praises, Lord, I will resound  
To all the listening nations round;  
Thy mercy highest heaven transcends;  
Thy truth beyond the clouds extends.

## Praise to God.

1.  
Praise God, from whom all blessings flow;  
Praise him, all creatures here below;  
Praise him above, ye heavenly hosts;  
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

2.  
From all that dwell below the skies  
Let the Creator's praise arise;  
Let the Redeemer's name be sung  
Through every land, by every tongue.

3.  
Eternal are thy mercies, Lord;  
Eternal truth attends thy word;  
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,  
Till suns shall rise and set no more.

Moderato.

1. Rise, my soul, and stretch thy wings, Thy better portion trace,  
Rise from tran - si - to - ry things To heaven, thy native place. } Sun, and moon, and stars de - cay; Time shall soon this

earth remove; Rise, my soul, and haste a - way To seats prepared a - bove.

2.

Rivers to the ocean run,  
Nor stay in all their course ;  
Fire, ascending, seeks the sun ;  
Both speed them to their source  
So a soul that's born of God  
Pants to view his glorious face ;  
Upward tends to his abode,  
To rest in his embrace.

## Praise the Lord.

1. Praise the Lord, who reigns above,  
And keeps his courts below ;  
Praise him for his boundless love,  
And all his greatness show.  
Praise him for his noble deeds,  
Praise him for his matchless power ;  
Him, from whom all good proceeds,  
Let earth and heaven adore.

2. Praise him, every tuneful string ;  
And all of heavenly art,  
All the power of music bring,  
The music of the heart.  
Hallowed be his name beneath,  
As in heaven, on earth adored ;  
Praise the Lord in every breath ;  
Let all things praise the Lord.

## THOU SWEET GLIDING KEDRON.

SWEET AFTON.

37

Andante.

1. Thou sweet glid - ing Kedron, by thy sil-ver stream, Our Sa-vior would lin - ger in moon-light's soft beam; And

by thy bright wa - ters till midnight would stay, And lose in thy murmurs the toils of the day.

2.

How damp were the vapors that fell on his head !  
 How hard was his pillow ! how humble his bed !  
 The angels, beholding, amazed at the sight,  
 Attended their Master with solemn delight.

3.

O Garden of Olive ! thou dear, honored spot,  
 The fame of thy wonders shall ne'er be forgot ;

The theme most transporting to seraphs above,  
 The triumph of sorrow — the triumph of love.

4.

Come, saints, and adore him — come, bow at his feet ;  
 O, give him the glory, the praise that is meet ;  
 Let joyful hosannas unceasing arise,  
 And join the full chorus that gladdens the skies.

## PRAISE TO THEE. 8s &amp; 7s.

WILMOT.

Praise to thee, thou great Creator! Praise to thee from every tongue!  
 For ten thousand blessings given, For the hope of future joy,  
 Join, my soul, with every creature, Join the universal song.  
 Sound his praise through earth and heaven, Sound Jehovah's praise on high.

## Prayer for a Blessing.

1. May the grace of Christ, our Savior,  
   And the Father's boundless love,  
   With the Holy Spirit's favor,  
   Rest upon us from above.
2. Thus may we abide in union  
   With each other and the Lord,  
   And possess, in sweet communion,  
   Joys which earth cannot afford.

## Closing Hymn.

1. Israel's Shepherd, guide me, feed me,  
   Through my pilgrimage below;  
   And beside the waters lead me,  
   Where thy flock rejoicing go.
2. Lord, thy guardian presence ever,  
   Meekly kneeling, I implore;  
   I have found thee, and would never,  
   Never wander from thee more.

## Ascription.

1. Gracious Source of every blessing,  
   Guard our breasts from anxious fears;  
   Let us each, thy care possessing,  
   Sink into the vale of years.
2. All our hopes on thee reclining,  
   Peace companion of our way,  
   May our sun, in smiles declining,  
   Rise in everlasting day.

## WHILE WITH CEASELESS COURSE. 7s.

BENEVENTO.

39

Andante.

1. While with ceaseless course the sun Hast-ed through the for - mer year, Ma - ny souls their race have run, Nev - er -  
 2. Spared to see an - oth - er year, Let thy bless-ing meet us here; Come, thy dy - ing work re-vive, Bid thy

more to meet us here. Fixed in an e - ter - nal state, They have done with all be - low;  
 droop-ing gar - den thrive; Sun of right-eous - ness, a - rise! Warm our hearts and bless our eyes;

We a lit - tle long - er wait, But how lit - tle none can know.  
 Let our prayer thy pit - y move, Make this year a time of love.

3.

Thanks for mercies past receive;  
 Pardon of our sins renew;  
 Teach us henceforth how to live,  
 With eternity in view.  
 Bless thy word to old and young;  
 Fill us with a Savior's love;  
 When our life's short race is run,  
 May we dwell with thee above.

## Allegro Risoluto.

1. Joy to the world! the Lord is come! Let earth re - ceive her King; Let ev - ery heart pre - pare him

room, And heaven and nature sing, And heaven and nature sing, And heaven, And heaven and na - ture sing.

And heaven and nature sing, . . . . .

And heaven and nature sing,

And heaven and nature sing, And heaven and na - ture sing.

## 2.

Joy to the world! the Savior reigns!

Let men their songs employ;

While fields and floods, rocks, hills, and plains,

Repeat the sounding joy,

Repeat, &c.

## 3.

No more let sin and sorrow grow,

Nor thorns infest the ground;

He comes to make his blessings flow

Far as the curse is found,

Far as, &c.

## 4.

He rules the world with truth and grace,

And makes the nations prove

The glories of his righteousness,

And wonders of his love,

And wonders, &c.

## MY SHEPHERD WILL SUPPLY. C. M.

PONTUL. 41

Andantino Dolce.

1. My shepherd will sup - ply my need; Je - ho - vah is his name;  
 2. He brings my wan - dering spir - it back, When I for - sake his ways,

In pas - tures fresh he makes me feed,  
 And leads me, for his mer - cy's sake,

Be - side the liv - ing stream, Be - side the liv - - - ing stream.  
 In paths of truth and grace, In paths of truth and grace.

3.  
 When I walk through the shades of death,  
 Thy presence is my stay;  
 A word of thy supporting breath  
 Drives all my fears away.

4.  
 Thy hand, in spite of all my foes,  
 Doth still my table spread;  
 My cup with blessings overflows;  
 Thine oil anoints my head.

## Pleasant Words.

1.

A little word, in kindness said,  
 A motion, or a tear,  
 Has often healed the heart that's sad,  
 And made a friend sincere.

2.

A word, a look, has crushed to earth  
 Full many a budding flower,  
 Which, had a smile but owned its birth,  
 Would bless life's darkest hour.

3.

Then deem it not an idle thing  
 A pleasant word to speak;  
 The face you wear, the thoughts you bring,  
 A heart may heal or break.

## HAPPY THE MEEK. L. M.

MIGDOL.

Moderato.

1. Hap - py the meek whose gen - tle breast, Clear as the sum - mer's even - ing ray, Calm as the

re - gions of the blest, En - joys on earth ce - les - tial day.

2.

His heart no broken friendships sting ;  
 No storms his peaceful tent invade ;  
 He rests beneath Jehovah's wing,  
 Hostile to none, of none afraid.

3.

Spirit of grace, all meek, all mild,  
 Inspire our hearts, our souls possess ;  
 Repel each passion, rude and wild,  
 And bless us as we aim to bless.

## Sacred Ties.

1.

How blest the sacred tie that binds  
 In union sweet according minds !  
 How swift the heavenly course they run  
 Whose hearts and faith and hopes are one !

2.

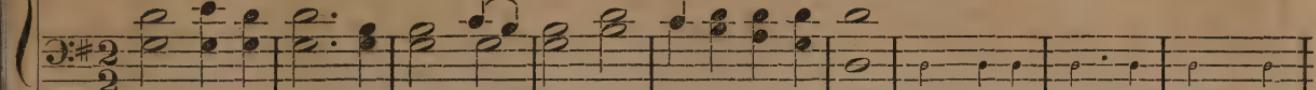
To each the soul of each how dear !  
 What zealous love, what holy fear !  
 How doth the generous flame within  
 Refine from earth and cleanse from sin !

3.

Their streaming eyes together flow  
 For human guilt and mortal woe ;  
 Their ardent prayers together rise,  
 Like mingling flame in sacrifice.

## SING, ALL YE RANSOMED. C. M.

NICHOLS. 43



3.  
 Bright garlands of immortal joy  
 Shall bloom on every head ;  
 While sorrow, sighing, and distress,  
 Like shadows, all are fled.

4.  
 March on in your Redeemer's strength ;  
 Pursue his footsteps still ;  
 With joyful hope still fix your eye  
 On Zion's heavenly hill.

## Praise from all Nature.

1.

Begin the high, celestial strain,  
 My raptured soul, and sing  
 A sacred hymn of grateful praise  
 To heaven's almighty King.

2.

Ye curling fountains, as ye roll  
 Your silver waves along,  
 Repeat to all your verdant shores  
 The subject of the song.

3.

Bear it, ye breezes, on your wings,  
 To distant climes away,  
 And round the wide-extended world  
 The lofty theme convey.

Allegretto.

1. Ear - ly, my God, with - out de - lay, I haste to seek thy face; My thirst - y spir - it faints a -  
 2. So pil-grims on the scorch-ing sand, Be -neath a burn - ing sky, Long for a cool - ing stream at

way, My thirst - y spir - it faints a - way, With - out thy cheer - ing grace.  
 hand, Long for a cool - ing stream at hand, And they must drink, or die.

## Christian Union.

1.

Our souls by love together knit,  
 Cemented, mixed in one,  
 One hope, one heart, one mind, one voice,  
 'Tis heaven on earth begun.

2.

And when thou mak'st thy jewels up,  
 And set'st thy starry crown,—  
 When all thy sparkling gems shall shine,  
 Proclaimed by thee thine own,—

3.

May we, a little band of love,  
 We, sinners saved by grace,  
 From glory unto glory changed,  
 Behold thee face to face.

## THUS FAR THE LORD HAS LED ME ON. L. M.

HEBRON.

45

Slow and Soft.

1. Thus far the Lord has led me on; Thus far his power pro-longs my days; And ev-ery even-ing  
 2. Much of my time has run to waste, And I, per-haps, am near my home; But he for-gives my

shall make known Some fresh me-mo-rial of his grace.  
 fol-lies past; He gives me strength for days to come.

3.

I lay my body down to sleep;  
 Peace is the pillow for my head,  
 While well-appointed angels keep  
 Their watchful stations round my bed.

4.

Faith in his name forbids my fear;  
 O, may thy presence ne'er depart;  
 And in the morning make me hear  
 Thy love and kindness in my heart.

## Morning Hymn.

1.

God of the morning, at thy voice  
 The cheerful sun makes haste to rise,  
 And like a giant doth rejoice  
 To run his journey through the skies.

2.

O, like the sun may I fulfil  
 Th' appointed duties of the day,  
 With ready mind and active will  
 March on, and keep my heavenly way.

3.

Give me thy counsels for my guide,  
 And then receive me to thy bliss;  
 All my desires and hopes beside  
 Are faint and cold compared with this.

Andante. Sotto Voce.

1. Fa - ther, what-e'er of earth - ly bliss Thy sove - reign will de - nies, Ac - cept - ed at thy

throne of grace, Let this pe - ti - tion rise:

2.  
"Give me a calm, a thankful heart,  
From every murmur free;  
The blessings of thy grace impart,  
And make me live to thee.

3.  
"O, let the hope that thou art mine  
My life and death attend,  
Thy presence through my journey shine,  
And crown my journey's end."

## The Bible a Treasure.

1.

This is the field where hidden lies  
The pearl of price unknown;  
Those children are divinely wise  
Who make that pearl their own.

2.

Here consecrated water flows,  
To quench our thirst of sin;  
Here the fair tree of knowledge grows,  
Nor danger dwells therein.

3.

O, may thy counsels, mighty God,  
Our roving feet command,  
Nor we forsake the happy road  
That leads to thy right hand.

## LONG AS I LIVE. C. M.

DEDHAM. 47

Moderato.

1. Long as I live I'll bless thy name, My King, my God of love; My work and  
 2. Great is the Lord; his power un-known; O, let his praise be great; I'll sing the

3.

Fathers to sons shall teach thy name,  
 And children learn thy ways,  
 Ages to come thy truth proclaim,  
 And nations sound thy praise.

4.

Thy glorious deeds of ancient date  
 Shall through the world be known,  
 Thine arm of power, thy heavenly state,  
 With public splendor shown.

## Solitude.

1.

I love to steal a while away  
 From every cumbering care,  
 And spend the hours of setting day  
 In humble, grateful prayer.

2.

I love in solitude to shed  
 The penitential tear,  
 And all his promises to plead  
 Where none but God is near.

3.

I love to think on mercies past,  
 And future good implore,  
 And all my cares and sorrows cast  
 On Him whom I adore.

Spirited.

1. A - wake, my soul, and with the sun Thy dai - ly stage of du - ty run; Shake off dull sloth, and  
 2. Il - lu - mined by the light di - vine, Let thy own light to oth - ers shine; Re - flect all heaven's pro-

3. joy - ful rise To pay thy morn - ing sac - ri - fice.  
 4. pi - tious rays In ar - dent love and cheer - ful praise.

## Delight in the Sabbath.

1.

Sweet is the work, my God, my King,  
 To praise thy name, give thanks and sing;  
 To show thy love by morning light,  
 And talk of all thy truth at night.

2.

Sweet is the day of sacred rest;  
 No mortal care shall seize my breast;  
 O, may my heart in tune be found  
 Like David's harp of solemn sound.

3.

When shall I see, and hear, and know  
 All I desired or wished below,  
 And every power find sweet employ  
 In that eternal world of joy?

## GREAT IS THE LORD OUR GOD. S. M.

DOVER.

49

Moderato.

1. Great is the Lord our God, And let his praise be great; He makes the church - es  
 2. In Zi - on God is known, A ref - uge in dis - tress; How bright has his sal -  
 his a - bode, His most de - light - ful seat.  
 va - tion shone! How fair his heaven - ly grace!

3. These temples of his grace,  
 How beautiful they stand!  
 The honors of our native place,  
 And bulwarks of our land.

4. Oft have our fathers told,  
 Our eyes have often seen,  
 How well our God secures the fold  
 Where his own sheep have been.

## Gratitude.

1.

My Maker and my King,  
 To thee my all I owe;  
 Thy sovereign bounty is the spring  
 Whence all my blessings flow.

2.

Thou ever good and kind!  
 A thousand reasons move,  
 A thousand obligations bind  
 My heart to grateful love.

3.

Thy goodness, like the sun,  
 Dawned on my early days,  
 Ere infant reason had begun  
 To form my lips to praise.

4.

O, let thy grace inspire  
 My soul with strength divine;  
 Let all my powers to thee aspire,  
 And all my days be thine.

Dolce e Piano.

1. Our Fa-ther, God, who art in heaven, To thy great name be rev-erence given; Thy peaceful kingdom wide ex-tend,  
 And reign, O Lord, till time shall end. Thy sa-cred will on earth be done, As 'tis by an-gels round thy throne;  
 And let us ev-ry day be fed With earth-ly and with heavenly bread.

2.

Our sins for-give, and teach us thus  
 To pardon those who injure us; Our shield in all tempta-tions prove,  
 And every trial far re-move. Thine is the kingdom to control,  
 And thine the power to save the soul;  
 Great be the glory of thy reign; Let every creature say, Amen.

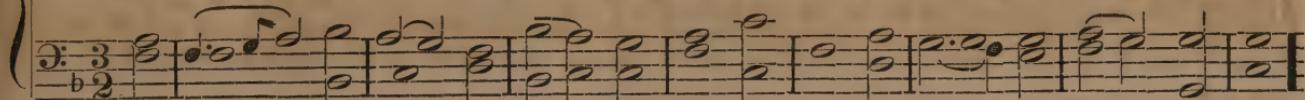
## FORGIVE ME, LORD. L. M.

OLAVES. 51

Moderato.



1. For - give me, Lord, through thy dear Son, The ills which I this day have done,



That with the world, my - self, ... and thee, I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.



2.

Teach me to live that I may dread  
The grave as little as my bed ;  
Teach me to die that so I may  
With joy behold the judgment day.

3.

Be thou my Guardian while I sleep ;  
Thy watchful station near me keep ;  
My heart with love celestial fill,  
And guard me from th' approach of ill.

4.

Lord, let my heart forever share  
The bliss of thy paternal care ;  
'Tis heaven on earth, 'tis heaven above,  
To see thy face and sing thy love.

## SOFT BE THE GENTLY-BREATHING NOTES. L. M. FRENCH AIR.

1. Soft be the gen - tly - breath - ing notes That sing the Sa - vior's dy - ing love; Soft as the even - ing

zeph - yr floats, Soft as the tune - ful lyres a - bove.

2.  
Soft as the morning dews descend,  
While the sweet lark exulting soars,  
So soft to your Almighty Friend  
Be every sigh your bosom pours.

3.  
True as the magnet to the pole,  
So true let your contrition be;  
So true let all your sorrows roll  
To Him who bled upon the tree.

## Death of the Righteous.

1.

How blest the righteous when they die,  
When holy souls retire to rest!  
How mildly beams the closing eye!  
How gently heaves th' expiring breast!

2.

So fades a summer cloud away;  
So sinks the gale when storms are o'er;  
So gently shuts the eye of day;  
So dies a wave along the shore.

3.

Farewell, conflicting hopes and fears,  
Where lights and shades alternate dwell:  
How bright th' unchanging morn appears!  
Farewell, inconstant world, farewell.

Moderato.

1. King - doms and thrones to God be - long; Crown him, ye na - tions, in your song;  
 2. God is our shield, our joy, our rest; God is our King — pro - claim him blest;

His won - drous name and power re - hearse; His hon - ors shall en - rich your verse.  
 When ter - rors rise, when na - tions faint, He is the strength of ev - ery saint.

## The God of all Grace.

1.

Great God, let all my tuneful powers  
 Awake, and sing thy mighty name;  
 Thy hand revolves my circling hours —  
 Thy hand, from whence my being came.

2.

Seasons and moons, still rolling round  
 In beauteous order, speak thy praise;  
 And years, with smiling mercy crowned,  
 To thee successive honors raise.

3.

My life, my health, my friends, I owe  
 All to thy vast, unbounded love;  
 Ten thousand precious gifts below,  
 And hope of nobler joys above.

1. What ser - aph - like mu - sic falls sweet on my ear, In strains so de - light - ful? O, list, that ye  
 hear; Those rich, flow-ing num-bers, so li - quid and clear, Breathe rapture un - told from some hea - ven - ly sphere.

2.

'Tis the sweet-flowing music that steals o'er the wave  
 Of Jordan's lone river, as its billows I brave;  
 'Tis the music of angels, who hasten to bear  
 My soul o'er the waters to that blessed shore.

3.

A glimpse of bright glory now beams on my sight;  
 I sink in sweet visions of heaven's dawning light;  
 Bright spirits are whispering so soft in my ear,  
 Of heavcn, sweet heaven, I long to be there.

## THERE IS A STREAM. L. M.

WARD.

55

Slow and Soft.

God my Guide.

1. O Thou, to whose all-searching sight  
The darkness shineth as the light,  
Search, prove my heart; it pants for  
thee;  
O, burst these bonds, and set it free.
2. If in this darksome wild I stray,  
Be thou my light, be thou my way;  
No foes, no violence I fear,  
No fraud, while thou, my God, art near.

## The Throne of Love.

1.

There is a pure, a peaceful wave,  
That rolls around the throne of love;  
Whose waters gladden as they lave  
The bright and heavenly shores above.

2.

The pilgrim, faint and near to sink  
Beneath his load of earthly woe,  
Refreshed beneath its verdant brink,  
Rejoices in its gentle flow.

3.

There, O my soul, do thou repose,  
And hover o'er the hallowed spring,  
To drink the crystal wave, and there  
To lave thy wounded, weary wing.

Largo. Solo.

1. Come, ye dis - con - so - late, wher - e'er you lan - guish; Come, at the shrine of God fer - vent - ly kneel;  
 2. Joy of the com-fort - less, light of the stray-ing; Hope, when all oth - ers die, fade - less and pure;

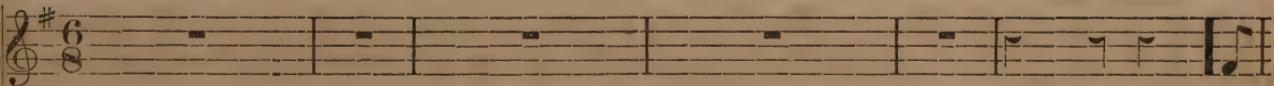
Here bring your wounded hearts, here tell your an - guish; Earth has no sor - row that Heaven can - not heal.  
 Here speaks the Com-fort - er, in God's name say - ing, "Earth has no sor - row that Heaven can - not cure."

CHORUS.

Here bring your wounded hearts, here tell your an - guish; Earth has no sor - row that Heaven can - not heal.  
 Here speaks the Com-fort - er, in God's name say - ing, "Earth has no sor - row that Heaven can - not cure."

## WHEN SHALL WE MEET AGAIN. 6s &amp; 5s.

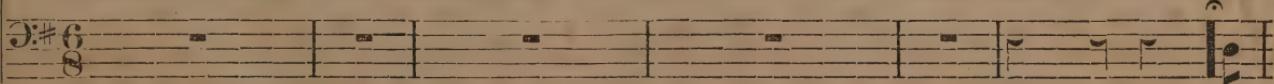
57



1. When shall we meet a - gain ? Meet ne'er to sev - er ? When will Peace wreath her chain Round us for - ev - er ? Our  
 2. When shall love free-ly flow, Pure as life's riv - er ? When shall sweet friendship glow, Changeless for - ev - er ? Where



3. Up to that world of light Take us, dear Sa - vior; May we all there u - nite, Hap-py for - ev - er. Where  
 4. Soon shall we meet a - gain, Meet ne'er to sev - er; Soon will Peace wreath her chain Round us for - ev - er. Our



hearts will ne'er re-pose, Safe from each blast that blows, In this dark world of woes, Nev-er, no, nev-er. No, no, nev-er.  
 joys ce-les-tial thrill, Where bliss each heart shall fill, And fears of parting chill, Nev-er, no, nev-er. No, no, nev-er.



kindred spirits dwell, There may our music swell, And time our joys dis-pel Nev-er, no, nev-er. No, no, nev-er.  
 hearts will then re-pose, Safe from all worldly woes; Our songs of praise shall close Nev-er, no, nev-er. No, no, nev-er.



1. How happy is the pilgrim's lot! How free from every anxious thought, From worldly hope and fear! Confined to  
 2. No foot of land do I pos-sess; No cot-tage in this wil-der-ness; A poor way-far-ing man, I lodge a  
 3. Not-hing on earth I call my own; A stranger, to the world un-known, I all their goods despise; I tram-ple

neither court nor cell, His soul despairs on earth to dwell; He on - ly so - journs here, He on - ly so - journs here.  
 while in tents be - low, Or glad-ly wan-der to and fro Till I my Ca - naan gain, Till I my Ca - naan gain.  
 on their whole delight, And seek a cit - y out of sight, A cit - y in the skies, A cit - y in the skies.

1. Joy-ful-ly, joy-ful-ly, on-ward I move, Bound for the land of bright spirits a - bove; } } Soon, with my pil-grim-age  
An-gel-ic chor-is-ters sing as I come, "Joy-ful-ly, joy-ful-ly, haste to thy home." } } Home to the land of bright

end-ed be-low, } Pil-grim and stran-ger no more shall I roam, Joy-ful-ly, joy-ful-ly rest-ing at home.  
spir-its I go; }

## 2.

Friends, fondly cherished, have passed on before;  
Waiting, they watch me approaching the shore;  
Singing, to cheer me through death's chilling gloom,  
"Joyfully, joyfully haste to thy home."  
Sounds of sweet melody fall on my ear;  
Harps of the blessed, your voices I hear;  
Rings with the harmony heaven's high dome,  
"Joyfully, joyfully haste to thy home."

## 3.

Death, with thy weapons of war lay me low;  
Strike, king of terrors; I fear not the blow;  
Jesus hath broken the bars of the tomb;  
Joyfully, joyfully will I go home.  
Bright will the morn of eternity dawn;  
Death shall be banished, his sceptre be gone;  
Joyfully then shall I witness his doom,  
Joyfully, joyfully, safely at home.

Slow, and in exact time.

*mp* 1. O, could I speak the match-less worth, O, could I sound the glori-ies forth Which in my Sa-vior shine, Id

soar and touch the heavenly strings, And vie with Gabriel, while he sings, In notes almost di-vine, In notes al - most di - vine.

2.

I'd sing the precious blood he spilt,  
My ransom from the dreadful guilt  
Of sin and wrath divine;  
I'd sing his glorious righteousness,  
In which all-perfect, heavenly dress  
My soul shall ever shine.

3.

I'd sing the characters he bears,  
And all the forms of love he wears,  
Exalted on his throne;  
In loftiest songs of sweetest praise,  
I would, to everlasting days,  
Make all his glories known.

4.

Well, the delightful day will come  
When my dear Lord will bring me home,  
And I shall see his face;  
Then with my Savior, Brother, Friend,  
A blest eternity I'll spend,  
Triumphant in his grace.

## I'M A LONELY TRAVELLER. 7s &amp; 4s.

N. BILLINGS. 61

1. I'm a lone-ly traveller here, Wea-ry, op-pressed; But my jour-ney's end is near; Soon I shall rest;  
 2. I'm a wea-ry traveller here; I must go on, For my jour-ney's end is near; I must be gone;

Dark and drea-ry is the way; Toil-ing I've come; Ask me not with you to stay; Yon-der's my home.  
 Brighter joys than earth can give Win me a-way — Pleas-ures that for-ev-er live; I can-not stay.

*p*

3.

I'm a traveller to a land  
 Where all is fair,  
 Where is seen no broken band;  
 Saints all are there;  
 Where no tear shall ever fall,  
 Nor heart be sad;  
 Where the glory is for all,  
 And all are glad.

4.

I'm a traveller, and I go  
 Where all is fair;  
 Farewell, all I've loved below —  
 I must be there;  
 Worldly honors, hopes, and gain,  
 All I resign;  
 Welcome sorrow, grief, and pain,  
 If heaven be mine.

5.

I'm a traveller — call me not;  
 Upward's my way;  
 Yonder is my rest and lot;  
 I cannot stay;  
 Farewell, earthly pleasures all;  
 Pilgrim I roam;  
 Hail me not — in vain you call;  
 Yonder's my home.

Slow and Soft.

1. There is an hour of hal-lowed peace For those with care op - pressed, When sighs and sor - rowing  
 2. 'Tis then the soul is freed from fears And doubts that here an - noy; Then they that oft had

fears shall cease, And all be hushed to rest.  
 sown in tears Shall reap a gain in joy.

## Thy Neighbor.

1.

Who is thy neighbor? He whom thou  
 Hast power to aid or bless;  
 Whose aching heart or burning brow  
 Thy soothing hand may press.

2.

Thy neighbor? It is the fainting poor,  
 Whose eye with want is dim;  
 O, enter thou his humble door,  
 With aid and peace for him.

3.

Thy neighbor? Pass no mourner by,  
 Perhaps thou canst redeem  
 A breaking heart from misery;  
 Go, share thy lot with him.

## FADING, STILL FADING.

PORTUGUESE.

63

Dolce.

1. Fad - ing, still fad - ing! the last beam is shin - ing; Fa - ther in heav - en, the day is de - clin - ing;  
 2. Fa - ther in heav - en, O, hear when we call; Hear for Christ's sake, who is Sa - vior of all;

Safe - ty and in - no - cence fly with the light; Temp - ta - tion and dan - ger walk forth with the night; From the  
 Fee - ble and faint - ing, we trust in thy might; In doubt - ing and dark - ness thy love be our light; Let us

fall of the shade till the morn - ing bells chime, Shield me from dan - ger, save me from crime. Fa - ther, have  
 sleep on thy breast while the night ta - per burns, Wake in thy arms when morn - ing re - turns. Fa - ther, have

mer - cy; Fa - ther, have mer - cy; Fa - ther, have mer - cy, through Je - sus Christ, our Lord.

## LET EVERY MORTAL EAR ATTEND. C. M.

NORTHFIELD.

1. Let ev - ery mor - tal ear at - tend, And ev - ery heart re - joice; The trum-pet of the

1. Let ev - ery mor - tal ear at - tend, And ev - ery heart re - joice; The

The trumpet of the gos-pel sounds, The

The trumpet of the gospel sounds With an ..... invit - - ing voice.  
 gospel sounds With an invit - ing voice, With, &c.  
 trumpet of the gospel sounds ..... With an invit - - ing voice.  
 trumpet of the gos - - pel sounds With an invit - - ing voice.

2.

Ho, all ye hungry, starving souls,  
 That feed upon the wind,  
 And vainly strive with earthly toys  
 To fill an empty mind.

3.

Eternal Wisdom hath prepared  
 A soul-reviving feast,  
 And bids your longing appetites  
 The rich provision taste.

4.

Ho, ye that pant for living streams,  
 And pine away and die,  
 Here you may quench your raging thirst  
 With springs that never dry.

5.

Rivers of love and mercy here  
 In a rich ocean join;  
 Salvation in abundance flows,  
 Like floods of milk and wine.

6.

The happy gates of gospel grace  
 Stand open night and day;  
 Lord, we are come to seek supplies  
 And drive our wants away.

## WHEN SHALL WE ALL MEET AGAIN. 7s, 6 lines.

Slow.

1. When shall we all meet a - gain? When shall we all meet a - gain? Oft shall glow-ing hope ex - pire;

Oft shall wea - ried love re - tire; Oft shall death and sor - row reign, Ere we all shall meet a - gain.

2.

Though in distant lands we sigh,  
Parched beneath a burning sky,  
Though the deep between us roll,  
Friendship shall unite our souls ;  
And in fancy's wide domain  
Oft shall we all meet again.

3.

When these burnished locks are gray,  
Thinned by many a toil-spent day ;  
When around this youthful pine,  
Moss shall creep and ivy twine ;  
(Long may this loved bower remain ;)  
Here may we all meet again.

4.

When the dreams of life are fled,  
When its wasted lamp is dead,  
When in cold oblivion's shade  
Beauty, wealth, and fame are laid,  
Where immortal spirits reign,  
There may we all meet again.\*

\* This poetry, it is said, was "composed and sung by three Indians, who were educated at Dartmouth, at their last interview before leaving college, in an enchanting bower whither they had often resorted, and in the midst of which grew a 'youthful pine.' Nearly half a century afterwards they providentially met again; the recollection of bygone days drew them to the same spot, and, at a meeting still more affecting, they composed and sung the hymn on the following page."

# THE SACRED MINSTREL.

67

## The Meeting.

1.

Parted many a toil-spent year,  
Pledged in youth to memory dear,  
Still to friendship's magnet true,  
We our social joys renew;  
Bound by love's unsevered chain,  
Here on earth we meet again.

2.

But our bower, sunk to decay,  
Wasting time has swept away;  
And the youthful evergreen,  
Lopped by death, no more is seen;  
Bleak the winds sweep o'er the plain,  
When in age we meet again.

3.

Many a friend we used to greet  
Here on earth no more we meet;  
Oft the funeral knell has rung,  
Many a heart has sorrow stung,  
Since we parted on this plain,  
Fearing ne'er to meet again.

4.

Worn with toil, and sunk with years,  
We shall quit this vale of tears,  
And these hoary locks be laid  
Low in cold oblivion's shade;  
But where saints and angels reign  
We all hope to meet again.

## WATCHMAN, TELL US OF THE NIGHT.

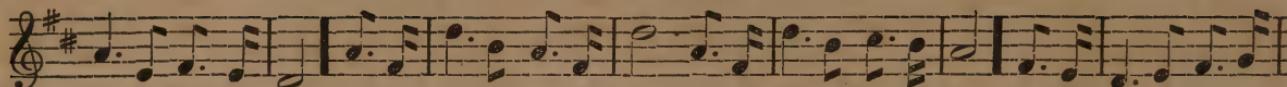
### MISSIONARY OR CHRISTMAS HYMN.

*Andante.*  
*Solo. Treble.*

*Tenor.*

1. Watchman! tell us of the night, What its signs of promise are. Traveller! o'er yon mountain's height See that  
 2. Watchman! tell us of the night; Higher yet that star as - cends. Traveller! bless-ed - ness and light, Peace and  
 3. Watchman! tell us of the night, For the morn-ing seems to dawn. Traveller! darkness takes its flight, Doubt and

## THE SACRED MINSTREL.



glo-ry-beam-ing star. Watchman! does its beau-teous ray Aught of hope or joy fore-tell? Traveller! yes, it brings the truth its course portends. Watchman! will its beams a - lone Gild the spot that gave them birth? Traveller! a-ges are its ter-ror are withdrawn. Watchman! let thy wanderings cease; Hie thee to thy qui-et home. Traveller! lo the Prince of

## CHORUS to 1st and 2d verses.

day—Promised day of Is - ra - el. Traveller! yes, it brings the day—Promised day of Is - ra - el. own; See, it bursts o'er all the earth. Traveller! a - ges are its own; See, it bursts o'er all the earth. Peace, Lo, the Son of God is come. [Omit.]

## CHORUS to 3d verse.

Traveller! lo, the Prince of Peace, Lo, the Son of God is come, Lo, the Son of God is come.

## COME, YE THAT LOVE THE LORD. S. M.

CORELLI. 69

Moderato.

1. Come, ye that love the Lord, And let your joys be known; Join in a song with sweet accord, While

2. The hill of Zi - on yields A thou-sand sa - cred sweets, Be - fore we reach the heavenly fields Or

ye sur - round the throne. Let those re - fuse to sing Who nev - er knew our  
And ev - ery tear bewalk the gold - en streets. Let those re - fuse to sing Who  
Then let our songs a - bound, And

## THE SACRED MINSTREL.

God; But chil - - dren of the heavenly King May speak their joys a - broad.  
dry; We're march - - ing through E - man - uel's ground To fair - er worlds on high.

new - er knew our God; But chil - dren of the heavenly King May speak their joys a - broad.  
ev - ery tear be dry; We're marching through E - man - uel's ground To fair - er worlds on high.

## ON JORDAN'S STORMY BANKS. C. M.

BONNY BOAT.

1. On Jor - dan's storm-y banks I stand, And cast a wish - ful eye To Ca - naan's fair and

## THE SACRED MINSTREL.

71

2/4 time, key of G major. Treble and bass staves. The bass staff uses a bass clef and a C-clef with a sharp sign. The treble staff uses a G-clef. The music consists of two measures of eighth-note chords, followed by a measure of sixteenth-note chords, and then a measure of eighth-note chords.

hap-py land Where my pos-ses-sions lie. O, the trans-port-ing, rap-turous scene That ri-ses to my

2/4 time, key of G major. Treble and bass staves. The bass staff uses a bass clef and a C-clef with a sharp sign. The treble staff uses a G-clef. The music consists of two measures of eighth-note chords, followed by a measure of sixteenth-note chords, and then a measure of eighth-note chords. A bracket labeled '2d Ending.' is positioned above the final measure of the staff.

sight! Sweet fields ar-rayed in liv-ing green, And riv-ers of de-light.

2.

There generous fruits, that never fail,  
On trees immortal grow;  
There rock and hill, and brook and vale,  
With milk and honey flow.  
All o'er those wide-extended plains  
Shines one eternal day;  
There Christ, the Son, forever reigns,  
And scatters night away.

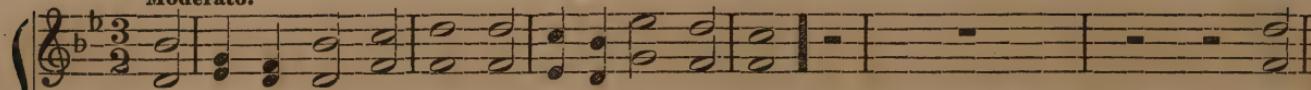
3.

No chilling winds or poisonous breath  
Can reach that healthful shore;  
Sickness and sorrow, pain and death,  
Are felt and feared no more.  
When shall I reach that happy place,  
And be forever blest?  
When shall I see my Father's face,  
And in his bosom rest?

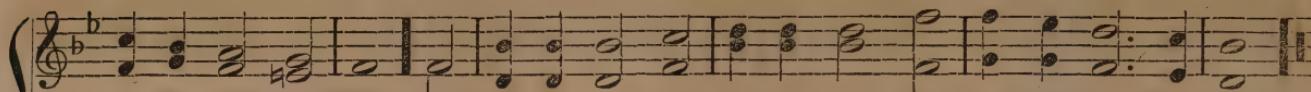
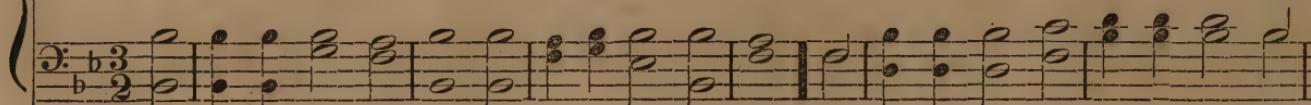
4.

Filled with delight, my raptured soul  
Would here no longer stay;  
Though Jordan's waves around me roll,  
Fearless I'd launch away.  
There, on those high and flowery plains,  
Our spirits ne'er shall tire;  
But, in perpetual, joyful strains,  
Redeeming love admire.

Moderato.



1. Wel-come, sweet day of rest, That saw the Lord a - rise; Wel - come to this re - viv - ing breast And



these re - joic - ing eyes. Wel - come to this re - viv - ing breast And these re - joic - ing eyes.



2.

Jesus himself comes near,  
And feasts his saints to-day;  
Here we may sit and see him here,  
And love, and praise, and pray.

3.

One day amid the place  
Where God my Savior's been,  
Is sweeter than ten thousand days  
Of pleasure and of sin.

4.

My willing soul would stay  
In such a frame as this  
Till called to rise and soar away  
To everlasting bliss.

1. There is an hour of peace - ful rest To mourn-ing wan - derers given; There is a joy

for souls dis - tress-ed, A balm for ev - ery wound-ed breast; 'Tis found a - lone in heaven.

2.

There is a home for weary souls,  
By sin and sorrow driven,  
When tossed on life's tempestuous shoals,  
Where storms arise and ocean rolls,  
And all is drear but heaven.

3.

There faith lifts up the tearless eye,  
To brighter prospects given;  
It views the tempest passing by,  
Sees evening shadows quickly fly,  
And all serene in heaven.

4.

There fragrant flowers immortal bloom,  
And joys supreme are given;  
There rays divine disperse the gloom ;  
Beyond the dark, the narrow tomb,  
Appears the dawn of heaven.

1. Lord, dis - miss us with thy bless - ing; Fill our hearts with joy and peace; Let us each, thy peace pos - sess - ing,  
 2. Thanks we give, and ad - o - ra - tion, For the gos - pel's joy - ful sound; May the fruits of thy sal - va - tion

Triumph in re - deem - ing grace; O, re - fresh us, O, re - fresh us, Travelling through this wil - der - ness.  
 In our hearts and lives a - bound; May thy pres - ence, May thy pres - ence With us ev - er - more be found.

## Living Waters.

1.

See, from Zion's sacred mountain  
 Streams of living water flow;  
 God has opened there a fountain  
 Which supplies the world below;  
 They are blessed  
 Who its sovereign virtues know.

2.

Through ten thousand channels flowing,  
 Streams of mercy find their way;  
 Life, and health, and joy bestowing,  
 Making all around look gay;  
 O ye nations,  
 Hail the long-expected day.

3.

Trees of life, the banks adorning,  
 Yield their fruit to all around;  
 Those who eat are saved from mourning;  
 Pleasure comes and hopes abound;  
 Fair their portion!  
 Endless life with glory crowned.

# THE SACRED MINSTREL.

75

## God our Guide.

1.

Guide me, O thou great Jehovah,  
Pilgrim through this barren land;  
I am weak, but thou art mighty;  
Hold me with thy powerful hand;  
    Bread of heaven,  
    Feed me till I want no more.

2.

Open now the crystal fountain,  
    Whence the healing streams do flow;  
Let the fiery, cloudy pillar  
    Lead me all my journey through;  
    Strong Deliverer,  
    Be thou still my strength and shield.

3.

When I tread the verge of Jordan,  
    Bid my anxious fears subside;  
Bear me through the swelling current;  
    Land me safe on Canaan's side;  
    Songs of praises  
    I will ever give to thee.

## FATHER IN HEAVEN. C. M.

## INVOCATION.

1. Fa - ther in heaven, to thee my heart Would lift it - self in prayer; Drive from my soul each  
2. Each mo - ment of my life re -news The mer - cies of my Lord; Each mo - ment is it -

earth - ly thought, And show thy pres - ence here.

self a gift To bear me on to God.

3.

O, help me break the galling chains  
    This world has round me thrown;  
Each passion of my heart subdue,  
    Each darling sin disown.

4.

O Father, kindle in my breast  
    A never-dying flame  
Of holy love, of grateful trust  
    In thine almighty name.

1. There's not a bright and beam-ing smile, Which in this world I see, But turns my heart to

2. I nev - er clasp a friend-ly hand, In greet - ing or fare - well, But thoughts of an e -

fu - ture joy, And whis - pers "heaven" to me. Though of - ten here my soul is sad, And

- - ter - nal home With - in my bo - som swell; A prayer to meet in heaven at last, Where

falls the si - lent tear, There is a world where all are glad, And sor - row dwells not there.  
 all the ran-somed come, And where e - ter - nal a - ges still Shall find us all at home.

## TELL ME, WANDERER. 8s &amp; 7s.

1. Tell me, wan-derer, wild-ly rov-ing From the path that leads to peace, }  
 Pleasure's false en - chantment loving, When will thy de - lu - sion cease? } Once, like thee, by joys sur - round-ed,  
 2. But those visions scarce had blest me When that fleeting day was o'er; Then the world, that had caressed me, Charmed me with its smiles no more. } Such is pleasure's tran - sient sto - ry;

Musical score for 'I could kneel at pleasure's shrine' in G major, 2/4 time. The score consists of two staves. The top staff uses a treble clef and the bottom staff uses an alto clef. The lyrics are as follows:

I could kneel at pleasure's shrine; Then my brightest hopes were bounded By de-lights as false as thine.  
 Last-ing hap-pi-ness is known On-ly in the path to glo-ry, In the Sa-vior's love n lone.

## FLY AWAY TO THE PROMISED LAND. 10s &amp; 8s.

Musical score for 'FLY AWAY TO THE PROMISED LAND' in G major, 6/8 time. The score consists of three staves. The top staff uses a treble clef, the middle staff uses an alto clef, and the bottom staff uses a bass clef. The lyrics are as follows:

1. Fly a-way to the prom-ised land, sweet dove, Fly a-way to the prom-ised land;  
 2. O, fly to their bowers, sweet dove, and say That hope is up-on me now;  
 3. I will wait thy com-ing at dawn, sweet dove; I will wait thy com-ing at eve;

## THE SACRED MINSTREL.

And bear these sighs to the friends I love, The happy, the beau - ti - ful band.  
 I long to list to a ser - aph's lay, With bright glo - ry up - on my brow.

But bear some news from the friends I love, And then I will cease to grieve.

A deep gloom hath sad - dened my wea - ry breast; With sor - row my heart now is stirred;  
 I feel that this world is not my home; An an - gel's sweet voice I have heard;

I could spring from this pris - on on wings of love, Or fall by death's con - quer - ing sword,

I long to hear from the land of the blest; O, fly to their bow-ers, sweet bird.  
 It comes from be-yond the dark, lone tomb; O, fly to their bow-ers, sweet bird.

But I can-not stay from the friends that I love; O, fly to their bow-ers, sweet bird.

## FROM WHENCE DOETH THIS UNION ARISE? 8s.

1. From whence doth this un-ion a-rise, That ha-tred is con-quer'd by love? It

fas - tens our souls in such ties As na - ture and time can't re - move. It fas tens our

souls in such ties As na - ture and time can't re - move.

4.

O, why then so loath for to part,  
Since we shall ere long meet again?  
Engraved on Emanuel's heart,  
At distance we cannot remain.

6

5.

And when we shall see that bright day,  
United with angels above,  
No longer confined to our clay,  
O'erwhelmed in the ocean of love,—

6.

O, then with our Jesus we'll reign,  
And all his bright glory shall see;  
We'll sing Hallelujah, Amen!  
Amen, even so let it be.

2.  
It cannot in Eden be found,  
Nor yet in a paradise lost;  
It grows on Emanuel's ground,  
And Jesus' dear blood it did cost.

3.  
My friends are so dear unto me, -  
Our hearts all united in love;  
Where Jesus is gone we shall be,  
In yonder blest mansions above.

1. O Lord, an - oth - er week is flown, And we, a youth - ful band, Are met once more be -  
fore thy throne, To bless thy fos - tering hand. And wilt thou lend a lis - tening ear To prais - es low as

ours? Thou wilt, for thou dost love to hear The song which meekness pours.

2.  
And, Jesus, thou thy smiles wilt deign,  
As in thy name we pray;  
For thou didst bless the infant train,  
And we are weak as they.  
O, let thy grace perform its part,  
And bid our passions cease,  
And shed abroad in every heart  
Thine everlasting peace.

1. There is a place of waveless rest,  
Far, far beyond the skies,  
Where beauty smiles eternally,  
And pleasure never dies.  
My Father's house, my heavenly home,  
Where "many mansions" stand,  
Prepared by hands divine, for all  
Who seek the better land.

My Father's House.  
2. When tossed upon the waves of life,  
With fear on every side,  
When fiercely howls the gathering storm,  
And foams the angry tide,  
Beyond the storm, beyond the gloom,  
Breaks forth the light of morn,  
Bright beaming from my Father's house,  
To cheer the soul forlorn.

3. In that pure home of fearless joy  
Earth's parted friends shall meet,  
With smiles of love that never fade,  
And blessedness complete.  
There, there adieu are sounds unknown;  
Death frowns not on that scene,  
But life, and glorious beauty, shine,  
Untroubled and serene.

## FATHER OF SPIRITS. C. M.

1. Fa-ther of spir-its, take, O take The glo-ry of thy grace; Thy gifts to thee we ren-der back,  
2. With love and har-mo-ny we came, In sin-gle-ness of heart; We met, O Lord, in thy blest name,  
3. In rap-turous songs of praise, In rap-turous songs of praise.  
And in thy name we part, And in thy name we part.  
4. Subsists as in us all one soul;  
No power can make us twain;  
And mountains rise and oceans roll  
To sever us in vain.

## ORTONVILLE.

## O, LAND OF REST. C. M.

1. O land of rest, for thee I sigh; When will the mo - ment come, When I shall lay my  
 2. No tran - quil joys on earth I know; No peace - ful, shel - tering dome; This world's a wil - der -  
 ar - mor by, And dwell with Christ at home?  
 ness of woe; This world is not my home.

3. To Jesus Christ I sought for rest;  
 He bade me cease to roam,  
 And fly for refuge to his breast,  
 And he'd conduct me home.
4. When, by afflictions sharply tried,  
 I view the gaping tomb,  
 Although I dread death's chilling flood,  
 Yet still I sigh for home.
5. Weary of wandering round and round  
 This vale of sin and gloom,  
 I long to leave th'unhallowed ground,  
 And dwell with Christ at home.

## THERE IS A REGION LOVELIER FAR. L. M.

WARE. 85

1. There is a re - gion love - lier far Than sa - ges know or . po - - ets sing,  
 2. There is a world with bless - ings blest Be - yond what proph - ets ere - fore - told;

Bright - er than sum - mer's beau - ties are, And soft - er than the tints of spring.  
 Nor might the tongue of an - gel guest A pic - ture of that world un - fold.

3.

It is all holy and serene,  
 The land of glory and repose;  
 Nor darkness dims the radiant scene,  
 Nor sorrow's tear within it flows.

4.

It is not fanned by summer's gale;  
 'Tis not refreshed by vernal showers;  
 It never needs the moonbeams pale,  
 Nor there are known the evening hours.

5.

No, no! this world is ever bright  
 • With every radiance all its own;  
 The streams of uncreated light  
 Flow round from th' eternal throne.

## LEAD US, HEAVENLY FATHER. 8s. &amp; 7s.

1. Lead us, heav - enly Fa - ther, lead us O'er the world's tem - pes - tuous sea; Guard us, guide us, keep us, |

2. Spir - it of our God de - scend - ing, Fill our hearts with heav - enly joy, Love with kind af - fec - tions

3: 3  
4

feed us, For we have no help but thee; Still pos - sess - ing ev - ery bless - ing, If our

blend - ing, Pleas - ures time can nev - er cloy; Thus pro - vid - ed, par - doned, guid - ed, Noth - ing

3: 4

God our Fa - ther be. Still pos - sess - ing ev - ery bless - ing, If our God our Fa - ther be.  
 shall our peace de stroy. Thus pro - vid - ed, par - doned, guid - ed, Noth-ing shall our peace de - stroy.

## The Lord our Guide.

1.

Gently, Lord, O gently lead us  
 Through this lonely vale of tears,  
 And, O Lord, in mercy give us  
 Thy rich grace in all our fears.  
 O refresh us with thy blessing,  
 O refresh us with thy grace;  
 May thy mercies, never ceasing,  
 Fit us for thy dwelling-place.

2.

In the hour of pain and anguish,  
 In the hour when death draws near,  
 Suffer not our hearts to languish,  
 Suffer not our souls to fear.  
 When this mortal life is ended,  
 Bid us in thine arms to rest,  
 Till, by angel bands attended,  
 We awake among the blest.

## THE VERNAL FLOWERS THEIR BEAUTIES SPREAD. C. M.

POETRY BY REV. WILLIAM HUNTER.

1. The ver - nal flowers their beau - ties spread, De - light - ful to the eye; But quick - ly all their

2. Why should we mourn these fad - ing flowers, From this low vale re - moved To bloom a - fresh in

hues are fied; They with - er, droop, and die; Em - blem of beau - teous child-hood's bloom, Em -

an - gels' bowers, By them and Christ be - loved? Thus sev - ered from their par - ent stem, Our

... blem of its de - cay; Swift - ly they leave us for the tomb, With - er and pass a - way.

babes go on be - fore, That our fond hearts may fol - low them To that im - mor - tal shore.

## Peaceful Death of the Righteous.

1.

Behold the western evening light!  
It melts in deepening gloom;  
So calmly Christians sink away,  
Descending to the tomb.  
The winds breathe low; the yellow leaf  
Scarce whispers from the tree;  
So gently flows the parting breath  
When good men cease to be.

2.

How beautiful, on all the hills,  
The crimson light is shed!  
'Tis like the peace the Christian gives  
To mourners round his bed.  
How mildly on the wandering cloud  
The sunset beam is cast!  
So sweet the memory left behind  
When loved ones breathe their last.

3.

And lo! above the dews of night  
The vesper star appears;  
So faith lights up the mourner's heart  
Whose eyes are dim with tears.  
Night falls, but soon the morning light  
Its glories shall restore;  
And thus the eyes that sleep in death  
Shall wake to close no more.

1. Je - ru - sa - lem ! my happy home ! Name ev - er dear to me ! When shall my labors  
 2. There happier bowers than Eden's bloom, Nor sin nor sor - row know ; Blessed seats ! through rude and  
 3. A - postles, martyrs, prophets there, Around my Sa - vior stand ; And soon my friends in

have an end In joy, and peace, and thee ? When shall these eyes thy heaven-built walls And  
 stormy scenes I onward press to you. Why should I shrink at pain and woe, Or

Christ below Will join the glorious band. Je - ru - sa - lem ! my happy home ! My

pearly gates be - hold?      Thy bulwarks with sal - va - tion strong, And streets of shining gold?  
feel at death dis - may?      I've Canaan's good - ly land in view, And realms of endless day.

soul still pants for thee;      Then shall my la - bors have an end, When I thy joys shall see.

## The Christian's Hope.

1.

Hail, sweetest, dearest tie, that binds  
Our glowing hearts in one;  
Hail, sacred hope, that tunes our minds  
To harmony divine.  
It is the hope, the blissful hope,  
Which Jesus' grace has given;  
The hope, when days and years are past  
We all shall meet in heaven.

2.

What though the northern wintry blast  
Shall howl around our cot;  
What though beneath an eastern sun  
Be cast our distant lot;  
Yet still we share the blissful hope  
Which Jesus' grace has given —  
The hope, when days and years are past,  
We all shall meet in heaven.

3.

No lingering look, no parting sigh,  
Our future meeting knows;  
There friendship beams from every eye,  
And love immortal glows.  
O, sacred hope! O, blissful hope!  
Which Jesus' grace has given —  
The hope, when days and years are past,  
We all shall meet in heaven.

## O COME, LET US SING.

VENITE, EXULTEMUS DOMINO.

1. O come, let us sing unto the Lord; Let us heartily rejoice in the strength of our salvation.  
 3. For the Lord is a great God; And a great King above all gods.  
 5. The sea is his, and he made it; And his hands prepared the land.  
 7. For he is the Lord our God: And we are the people of his pasture, and the sheep of his hand.  
 10. Glory be to the Father, and to the Son; And to the Holy Ghost.

2. Let us come before his presence with thanks-giving; And show ourselves glad in him with psalms.  
 4. In his hands are all the corners of the earth; And the strength of the hills is his also.  
 6. O come, let us worship and fall down; And kneel before the Lord our Maker.  
 8. O worship the Lord in the beauty of holiness. Let the whole earth stand in awe of him.  
 11. As it was in the beginning, is now, and shall be; World without end. Amen, Amen.

9. For he cometh, for he cometh to judge the earth; And with righteousness to judge the world, people with his truth.  
 and the

1. How beautiful up - on the mountains Are the feet of him that bringeth good tidings, That pro - - claim - eth  
 2. That doth pub - lish salvation; That saith to Zi - on, Thy God reigneth! Thy watchmen } shall lift } up the

3.

Break | forth into joy ;  
 Sing together, ye | waste places of Je-  
 rusalem,  
 For Jehovah hath | comforted his peo-  
 ple ;  
 He | hath redeemed Jerusalem.

4.

Jehovah hath made bare his | holy arm  
 In the | eyes of all the nations,  
 And all the | ends of the earth  
 Shall see the sal- | vation of our God.

## Morning Hymn.

1.

While nature welcomes | in the day,  
 My heart its | earliest vows would pay  
 To Him whose care hath | kindly kept  
 My life from | danger while I slept.

2.

His genial rays the | sun renews ;  
 How bright the | scene with glittering dews !  
 The blushing flowers more | beauteous bloom,  
 And breathe more | rich their sweet perfume.

3.

So may the sun of | righteousness  
 With kindest | beams my bosom bless ;  
 Warm into life each | heavenly seed ,  
 To bud and | bear some generous deed .

## CHANT.—I HEAR THEE SPEAK OF THE BETTER LAND.

POETRY BY MRS. HEMANS.

MUSIC BY ASA FITZ.

1. I hear thee speak of the bet - ter land; Thou callest its children a hap - py band; Mother, O where is that  
 2. Is it where feathery palm trees rise, And the date grows ripe under sun - ny skies? Or midst the green islands of

ra - diant shore? Shall we not seek it and weep no more? Is it where the flower of the or - ange blows?  
 gilt-tering seas, Where fragrant forests per - fume the breeze, And strange bright birds on their star - ry wings

And the fireflies glance through the myr - tle boughs? "Not there, not there, my child."  
 Bear the rich hues of all glo - rious things? "Not there, not there, my child."

3.

Is it far away in some | region | old,  
 Where the rivers wander o'er | sands of | gold ?  
 Where the burning rays of the | ruby | shine,  
 And the diamond lights up the | secret | mine,  
 And the pearl gleams forth from the | coral | strand,—  
 Is it there, sweet mother, that | better | land ?

“ Not there, not there, my child.

4.

“ Eye hath not seen it, my | gentle | boy;  
 Ear hath not heard its deep | songs of | joy ;  
 Dreams cannot picture a | world so | fair ;  
 Sorrows and death may not | enter | there ;  
 Time doth not breathe on its | fadeless | bloom ;  
 Far beyond the clouds and be- | yond the | tomb, —  
 It is there, it is there, my child.”

## CHANT.—THE LORD IS MY SHEPHERD.

1. The Lord is my Shepherd: I shall not want. He maketh me to lie down in green pastures; he leadeth me beside the still wa - - - ters. A - men

2.

He restoreth my soul; he leadeth me in the paths of righteousness, for his | name's | sake.  
 Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death,  
 I will fear no evil; for thou art with me; thy rod and thy  
 staff they | comfort | me.

3.

Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies; thou anointest my head with oil; my | cup runneth | over.  
 Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life; and I will dwell in the house of the Lord for | ever. | Amen.

## CHANT.—THE ROSE THAT BLOOMS.

1. The rose that blooms } vale, And scents the purple } breath, May in the shades } fail, And bend its crimson } death.  
 in Sharon's } morning } of evening } head in }

2.

And earth's bright ones amid the tomb  
 May like the blushing rose decay;  
 But still the mind, the mind shall bloom  
 When time and nature fade away.

3.

And there, amid a holier sphere,  
 Where the archangel bows in awe,  
 There sits the King of Glory near,  
 And executes his perfect law.

4.

The ransomed of the earth with joy  
 Shall in their robes of beauty come,  
 And find a rest without alloy  
 Amid the Christian's happy home.

By cool Siloam's shady Rill.

1.

By cool Siloam's shady rill  
 How fair the lily grows!  
 How sweet the breath beneath the hill  
 Of Sharon's dewy rose!

2.

Lo, such the youth whose holy feet  
 The paths of peace have trod;  
 Whose secret heart, with influence sweet,  
 Is upward drawn to God.

3.

By cool Siloam's shady rill  
 The lily must decay;  
 The rose that blooms beneath the hill  
 Must shortly fade away.

4.

O Thou who giv'st us life and breath,  
 We seek thy grace alone,  
 In childhood, manhood, age, and death,  
 To keep us still thine own.



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